

PARTNERS IN CRIME

"Stormy Weather"

(pilot)

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PARTNERS IN CRIME

"Storm Warnings"

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. LAW OFFICE - COFFEE AREA - DAY

(WE ARE CLOSE ON A LARGE COFFEE MAKER, FROM WHICH WATER DRIPS IN TIME TO THE MUSIC THAT ARTIE DONOVAN IS HUMMING. WHEN WE PULL BACK TO SEE HIM, WE SEE A MAN WHO APPEARS TO BE AWAITING THE WORD FROM GOD AS OPPOSED TO A POT OF COFFEE.)

AS HE STANDS THERE HUMMING, A TIRED HAROLD BERK ENTERS, PULLING THE PYREX CONTAINER AWAY. HE'S ABOUT TO POUR HIMSELF A CUP WHEN ARTIE GRABS HIS ARM.)

ARTIE

What do you think you're doing?

HAROLD

Stopping world hunger. What does it look like I'm doing...pouring myself a cup of instant energy...

ARTIE

This coffee took two years to grow and almost as long for me to get and I will not permit it to be 'gobbled down' by you or anyone else -- especially until its double-brewing is complete.

(ARTIE PLACES THE PYREX BREWING PITCHER BACK IN ITS CRADLE.)

ARTIE (CONTD.)

If you're that desperate for some caffeine, you might try some freeze dried crystals in the cabinet here.

HAROLD

Are you finished?

ARTIE (THINKS)

For now, yes. As long as you keep your mitts off my coffee, yes.

HAROLD

Your coffee?

ARTIE

The coffee I special ordered from South America to complement the fresh cinnamon imported from northern China, the latter having been grown in the Tao Mao Chao rain forest.

HAROLD

You know, Artie, if you were a woman, I'd swear this mood of yours were due to...timing.

(TALLULAH FEATHERS, A NO-NONSENSE, BLACK, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, HAS ENTERED ON THAT LAST REMARK AND WILL BY NO MEANS LET IT FLY BY WITHOUT AN APPROPRIATE RESPONSE.)

TALLULAH (TO HAROLD)

It's early in the a.m., so I'm going to let this one pass.

HAROLD (DEFENSIVE)

Ms. Feathers, I certainly was not inferring that...

TALLULAH (CUTS HIM OFF)

Good morning, Artie. (SMELLS) I take it the cinnamon arrived from the East?

ARTIE (PLEASED)

Why yes, it has.

TALLULAH

I had a friend who used to import cinnamon. Said it possessed aphrodisiac properties.

(THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR HAROLD TO TAKE.)

HAROLD

I can't believe this. I have a coffee and cinnamon connoisseur, who by some incredible stroke of luck was able to pass the bar exam, and an ex-maid -- excuse me -- domestic engineer, who, after sixteen years of night school, was also, somehow able to be admitted to the bar.

ARTIE (TO TALLULAH)

He's a good summary man, is he not?

HAROLD (IGNORES THIS)

And by some miracle, the two happened to end up in the same suite of offices, more specifically, in this room, at this moment in time.

TALLULAH

You have the makings of a poetic man, Mr. Berk.
(BEAT) Nothing more...just the makings.

HAROLD

I'd be willing to bet that the two of you made this whole story up about the cinnamon and the rain forest.

(HAROLD STARTS TO LEAVE.)

TALLULAH

You'd be willing to bet on anything.

HAROLD (DEFENSIVE)

If you're in any way suggesting I have a problem with gambling, I'll lay you five to two that I'm right.

(HAROLD REALIZES WHAT HE'S JUST SAID, THEN AGAIN BEGINS TO LEAVE, LOOKING A BIT SHEEPISH.)

ARTIE

I think the coffee's finished now.

HAROLD (HURRIEDLY)

I'll grab some downstairs.

(AFTER HE EXITS, TALLULAH TURNS TO ARTIE.)

TALLULAH (GRINS)

I know it's early in the day, but I just
couldn't resist the chance to stick the gambler.

(ARTIE GIVES HER A LOOK. THEN:)

ARTIE (SMILES)

I'd say you have an exquisite sense of timing.

(AS THE TWO POUR THEMSELVES SOME COFFEE, AND LEAVE, HAROLD FURTIVELY SLIPS BACK INTO THE COFFEE AREA, POURS HIMSELF A CUP OF THE SAINTED COFFEE AND SAVORS THE TASTE AND AROMA AS WE:)

FADE OUT

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

SCENE 1 - INT. BERK HOUSE - FOYER - MORNING

(A VERY QUAIN'T LITTLE ENTRANCE AREA. WE ARE CLOSE ON A DOORBELL UNIT AS IT RINGS INSISTENTLY.)

HAROLD (O.S.)

Cynthia. (BEAT) Cynthia, could you get that?

(AFTER A FEW MORE RINGS WE SEE A TIRED HAROLD BERK DRESSED ONLY IN A ROBE APPROACH THE DOOR. AS HE DOES THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.)

HAROLD

I'm here already. Hold your horses.

(HE OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL TRAVIS EDGERTON III, DRESSED LIKE THE QUINTESSENTIAL YUPPIE HE'S BEEN SINCE BIRTH, ALL BRIGHT-EYED AND BUSHY-TAILED.)

HAROLD

Travis. What's going on?

TRAVIS

Good morning, Mr. Berk. (LOOKS AT WATCH)

Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I forgot to adjust my watch for Daylight Savings Time. I'll come back another time.

HAROLD

You're not that early. I was sleeping in anyway.

TRAVIS

I brought you and the Mrs. some raspberry jam.

(HAROLD TAKES THE JAM AND TURNS TO PUT IT ON A NEARBY TABLE. AS HE DOES THIS TRAVIS USES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SLIP INSIDE.)

HAROLD (COULD CARE LESS)

That's very thoughtful of you, Travis.

I'll tell Cynthia when she gets up.

(HAROLD TURNS BACK AROUND TO SEE TRAVIS IS STANDING INSIDE THE HOUSE.)

TRAVIS (UNEASY)

Well, I guess I'll be going. Again, sorry for the inconvenience.

HAROLD

No problem.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Is that you, Travis?

TRAVIS

Good morning, Mrs. Berk.

(HAROLD ROLLS HIS EYES AS IF TO INDICATE HE KNOWS WHAT WILL
HAPPEN NEXT. A BEAT, THEN:)

HAROLD (MOUTHING
THE WORDS)

You must stay for
breakfast, Travis.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

You must stay for
breakfast, Travis.

TRAVIS (SHOUTS BACK)

Oh, I couldn't impose. I just stopped
by to drop off the jam.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Well, today's Friday. I always make muffins
on Friday. You must stay, I insist.

TRAVIS (SHEEPISH)

Well...

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Besides, you're family, dear.

(HAROLD LOOKS AS IF HE COULD THROW UP. TRAVIS IS HAPPY AS A
CLAM.)

TRAVIS

I don't know what to say. I'm flattered.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Just say yes and come in here and sit down.

TRAVIS

Thank you. Don't mind if I do. (THEN, SOFTER
TO HAROLD) Don't mind if I do...sir.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE 2 - INT. BERK HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(THE DINING ROOM TABLE IS SET NICELY AND FEATURES PLATES OF FRESH ROLLS, PASTRY, ETC. A POT OF COFFEE RESTS TOWARD ONE END.

CYNTHIA ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN JUST AS HAROLD AND TRAVIS ARRIVE FROM THE HALLWAY.)

CYNTHIA

Travis, you're sweet as can be for bringing
that jam.

(SHE GIVES HIM A PECK ON THE CHEEK.)

TRAVIS (COY)

Oh, Mrs. Berk, please, you're embarrassing me.

CYNTHIA

Isn't he cute, Harold. (TO TRAVIS) You'll
go far as an attorney, young man. Now sit.
Both of you.

(THE TWO MEN SIT.)

TRAVIS (STILL PLAYING ALONG)

Are those cinnamon muffins there?

CYNTHIA

With yeast, raisins, wheat germ and soybean oil.

HAROLD (GRUFF)

You got any eggs?

CYNTHIA

We can have eggs anytime, dear. These muffins are
roughage-producing. Hurry, before they get cold.

(HAROLD COULD CARE LESS. HIS EXPRESSION TELLS US HE'LL HAVE
TO SETTLE FOR THIS OR GO ELSEWHERE.)

HAROLD (RESIGNED)

Whatever happened to just plain, old-fashioned toast?

(HE DIGS IN HALF-HEARTEDLY. TRAVIS, ON THE OTHER HAND, LOOKS QUITE EAGER TO SAMPLE THE MUFFINS.)

TRAVIS

These really are delicious, Mrs. Berk.

(TO HAROLD) Your wife makes the best
homemade rolls.

CYNTHIA

Why thank you.

HAROLD (SARCASTIC)

Maybe you should give him the recipe.

CYNTHIA (POLITE)

Harold...

TRAVIS

I'd love that.

(HAROLD HAS THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE THAT SAYS HE'S EATEN TOO MUCH SUGAR.)

HAROLD (TO CYNTHIA)

Why don't you kiss him again?

CYNTHIA (TO TRAVIS)

Don't mind him, Travis, he's in a much better
mood after he's eaten.

(TRAVIS NOW GETS UP, STILL HOLDING A MUFFIN IN ONE HAND. HE REMOVES AN ENVELOPE FROM HIS SUITCOAT POCKET WITH HIS OTHER HAND AND HANDS IT TO HAROLD.)

TRAVIS

I almost forgot. I brought this over for you.

HAROLD (TAKES IT)

If it's another invitation to join the Save
the Whales, or Seals...

TRAVIS

No, sir.

(HAROLD LOOKS INTERESTED, THEN PUTS IT DOWN ON THE TABLE.)

HAROLD

I'll read it later.

CYNTHIA

Would you like another muffin, Travis?

TRAVIS

Maybe just one.

(TRAVIS STARTS TO SIT DOWN AGAIN.)

HAROLD

Then again I can read it right now.

(HAROLD STARTS TO OPEN THE ENVELOPE. TRAVIS STANDS.)

TRAVIS

No, actually I'm full.

HAROLD

This looks like a subpoena.

TRAVIS

Thanks for breakfast.

(HE MAKES A BEELINE FOR THE DOOR.)

CYNTHIA

Goodbye, Travis.

HAROLD

This is a subpoena. (BEAT) Travis.

(BUT TRAVIS IS GONE.)

Now what business does Travis have bringing
me a subpoena?

CYNTHIA

He does work for you as a process server.

HAROLD (READS)

I can't believe this. I'm being sued.

CYNTHIA (CASUAL)

Would you like more coffee, dear?

HAROLD

For...divorce. My wife is suing me for
divorce. Can you believe it?

(HAROLD NOW LOOKS UP AT HIS WIFE. AFTER A BEAT, CYNTHIA OFFERS:)

CYNTHIA

I can believe it.

HAROLD (INCREDULOUS)

But why...dear?

CYNTHIA

You're asking me why?

HAROLD

You're my wife, so one would expect you
to be the best source.

CYNTHIA

Well, let me see. There's the house. Six
mortgages is at least four more than normal.
There's the loans and credit lines. The
late hours you keep. The gambling. The cigar
smoke. Your gruff attitude. My never knowing
what mood you'll be in when you come home at
night, or when you'll come home. Your constantly

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONTD.)

putting down others if they disagree with you in any way at all. (BEAT, AS IF TO CATCH HER BREATH) Most of all, Harold, you've become a mean-spirited man.

HAROLD (DEFENSIVE)

I can, and will, address all of those issues. One at a time.

CYNTHIA

I'm sure you will. And I'm sure your next wife will give you the benefit of the doubt. As I have done for eight and a half years.

HAROLD

Cynthia, you can't be serious about this.

CYNTHIA (MATTER OF FACTLY)

Oh, I'm very serious. You're basically a good man, Harold Berk. But I'm tired of always having to dig for the gold. It's a real effort to locate your good qualities, and it exhausts me. Perhaps a younger woman will fare better than I have.

HAROLD

You aren't really doing this to me. You can't.

CYNTHIA

Are you going to eat the last cinnamon muffin?

HAROLD (DAZED)

What?

(CYNTHIA BEGINS TO EAT.)

CYNTHIA

Umm.

HAROLD

Why are you eating at a time like this?

CYNTHIA (MOUTH FULL)

Delicious. This cinnamon, it's all the way from --

HAROLD (FINISHES)

-- northern China. A rain forest.

(HAROLD GETS UP.)

HAROLD

Well I'm not going to sit around and watch my wife who's suing me for divorce shovel food into her mouth.

CYNTHIA

Do as you wish, Harold.

HAROLD

And how can Travis serve me? He works for me. I don't think that's legal.

CYNTHIA

Travis works for everyone in your office. Not just you. (BEAT) You're being possessive again.

(THIS HITS HAROLD HARD, CAUSING HIM TO TAKE A VERY CLOSE LOOK AT THE PAPERS IN HIS HAND.)

HAROLD

Messr. A. Donovan, attorney for Petitioner.

(BEAT) Artie Donovan? You hired Artie Donovan?

CYNTHIA

I wanted someone 'nearby' so that this matter could be handled quickly and efficiently. I don't want it to cost you any more than necessary.

HAROLD

You're a sweetheart, Cynthia. (BEAT) Look,
honey, you're not really going to do this.

(NOW ENTREATING) Are you?

(SHE NODS HER HEAD. HAROLD MOVES IN CLOSE TO HIS WIFE.)

HAROLD (DISBELIEF; SOFT)

Are you?

(ANOTHER POSITIVE NOD.)

Then I hope you choke to death on that roll
and spend eternity with Mao Tse Tung.

(HAROLD EXITS ABRUPTLY, THEN RETURNS ALMOST AS QUICKLY.)

And you can throw in the dragon lady and
the whole Chang dynasty, too.

(HE EXITS AGAIN, THIS TIME FOR GOOD, LEAVING CYNTHIA ALONE TO
CASUALLY FINISH HER MEAL, APPARENTLY UNRUFFLED BY ANY OF THIS.)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE 3 - INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

(NOW WE KNOW WHERE THE SALVATION ARMY GETS THE BEST STUFF THEY
PICK UP. THIS PLACE IS A CATCH-ALL FOR EVERYTHING FROM OLD
FOOTBALL JERSEYS TO WOODEN WARRIOR MASKS FROM BALI.

IT ALSO SPORTS A COLLECTION OF CLOCKS THE SWISS WOULD ENVY. YET
SOMEHOW IT SEEMS UNCLUTTERED, AS IF EVERYTHING TRULY HAS ITS PLACE.

ARTIE DONOVAN RUNS A CORDLESS RAZOR OVER HIS FACE AS HE WALKS
FROM ONE END OF THE ROOM TO THE OTHER.)

ARTIE (TO CLOCK)

You never fail me, Beatrice. Always on time.

(ON WHICH NOT ONLY THAT CLOCK BUT NINE OTHERS GO OFF AT THE SAME
TIME. THE SOUND OF CHIMES FILLS THE ROOM. ARTIE HUMS ALONG WHILE
SIMULTANEOUSLY WATERING PLANTS AND LEVELING PICTURES ON THE WALL.)

ARTIE (LOST IN SOUND)

Life is like a symphony. One grand symphony.

SFX: DOORBELL

ARTIE (TO CLOCKS)

Would you guys excuse me a moment?

(ARTIE GOES OVER TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT, REVEALING A DAPPER MR. BASIL PENNYWORTH -- THE LANDLORD -- REplete WITH WALKING STICK.)

PENNYWORTH

Morning, Artie.

ARTIE

Mr. Pennyworth. How are you, sir? Nice to see you. Won't you come in?

(PENNYWORTH ENTERS. ARTIE SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.)

Would you like some coffee? Or a yeast-honey health food elixir?

PENNYWORTH

I'd love to -- but unfortunately I'm quite pressed for time. Things have been unhappily hectic, to say the least.

ARTIE

I know what you mean. I've been so busy at work that I haven't even had time to take care of my errands. Prescriptions, getting my car washed, doing banking...

PENNYWORTH

Yes, well banking has been a very distressing thing lately. You know the pound has dropped, stocks are down, and the price of silver has been so thoroughly unpredictable.

ARTIE

It has?

PENNYWORTH

In my business, these type of things can make or break a person. Days no longer matter as much as hours, even minutes.

ARTIE

If this is about my rent...

PENNYWORTH

Your rent. As a matter of fact, the payment of your rent is a perfect example of what I've been experiencing.

ARTIE

I just have to make a trip to the bank...

PENNYWORTH (LOOKS AT WATCH)

Now one would think that being nine and a half hours late on one's rent would matter very little, but nine and a half hours ago silver was up eight points. And in that short time, so many things have changed. My entire real estate portfolio has gone into complete turmoil, forcing me to do the unthinkable in many an instance.

ARTIE

The 'unthinkable?'

PENNYWORTH (SHEEPISH)

I'm afraid I've been forced to reconsider the tenancy in this apartment, Mr. Donovan. I must act consistent with all my units, and making an exception for one is the kind of thing that destroys the very backbone of my industry.

ARTIE

Are you evicting me?

PENNYWORTH

I don't like that term, but I suppose in this instance it might well apply.

ARTIE

Mr. Pennyworth, this place...it's my life. My love. It's the fabric of my existence.

PENNYWORTH

You don't know how happy I am that you feel that way. Most of my tenants treat their homes with such little regard.

ARTIE

Then can't I just go to the bank now and stop by your office --

PENNYWORTH

You could, but I won't be in and there's really nothing you can do about this unfortunate situation. (BEAT) Were it up to me I would let you stay here another five years at a ten percent reduction, but society dictates that you be out by nine tonight.

(ARTIE IS DESTROYED AND STANDS THERE IN A SEMI-CATATONIC STATE. PENNYWORTH PUTS HIS ARM ON ARTIE'S SHOULDER.)

PENNYWORTH

You're a wonderful man, Mr. Donovan.

(BEAT) Artie. (BEAT) I feel I am a better person for having had you as a tenant.

(PENNYWORTH HEADS FOR THE DOOR.)

PENNYWORTH

And I will miss your clocks. (TO THE
CLOCKS) Goodbye, all.

(HE EXITS. ARTIE LOOKS AT HIS CLOCKS, THEN AROUND THE APARTMENT
IN GENERAL.

ONE OF THE CLOCKS SPRINGS TO LIFE, PLAYING "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD
FELLOW."

CLOSER ON ARTIE REVEALS HE'S NOT A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW AT ALL.)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE 4 - INT. LAW OFFICE - COFFEE AREA - DAY

(AMY DOLIN STANDS LISTENING TO ARTIE'S DILEMMA. AS SHE DOES, WE
GET A QUICK SENSE THAT SHE'S PRECISELY THE ONE IN THE OFFICE WITH
WHOM ALL PERSONAL PROBLEMS ARE SHARED.)

ARTIE

So after telling me how much I mean to him
as a tenant, he orders me out by nine tonight!

AMY (SOOTHING)

Maybe there's a good reason...

ARTIE

Yeah, he's afraid the pound will drop again.

AMY

Look at the bright side -- yes, there is
always a bright side -- you're the first
one to know that. What'll happen is you'll
find a better place at a lower rent.

ARTIE (DISCOURAGED)

I'll never find a better place. You don't
understand, Amy. This place is not just a

(MORE)

ARTIE (CONTD.)

home. It's my best friend. My wife. My war buddy. My mistress.

(ARTIE LEANS AGAINST A PILE OF BOOKS NEARBY.)

AMY (A TRY FOR LEVITY)

Maybe you should join a dating service.

(ARTIE IS NOT AMUSED.)

Hey, Artie, I was just kidding. (BEAT)

What can I do for you?

ARTIE (DISCOURAGED)

There's nothing anyone can do.

AMY

Now don't go feeling sorry for yourself.

I'm sure there's a way to solve this, if we put our minds to it.

ARTIE

I don't think so, not this time.

AMY

Keep your perspective, please. (BEAT)

Cynthia's waiting in your office.

ARTIE (ALMOST NOT HEARING)

I have no perspective. All I have is the need to seek and destroy.

AMY (STRONG)

You're changing your apartment. She's changing her life!

ARTIE (THIS REGISTERS)

How is she doing?

AMY

She'll be doing better when you hold her hand.

(OFF ARTIE'S EXPRESSION, WE:)

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE 5 - INT. LAW OFFICE - ARTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

(ARTIE ENTERS TO FIND CYNTHIA SEATED ACROSS FROM HIS DESK.
PILED ON HER LAP ARE A STACK OF DOCUMENTS.)

ARTIE

Good morning, Cynthia.

(ARTIE HOLDS HER HAND FOR A BRIEF MOMENT.)

CYNTHIA

Hello, Mr. Donovan.

ARTIE

Artie.

CYNTHIA (ALL BUSINESS)

I brought with me the documents you requested, all relating to finances.

ARTIE

Excellent.

(ARTIE SITS IN THE CHAIR BESIDE CYNTHIA.)

I can't stand looking across a desk at anybody.

(CYNTHIA DOESN'T MISS A BEAT AND BEGINS PORING THROUGH THE PAPERS.)

CYNTHIA

Listed here are the six mortgages, five credit lines, four major credit cards, three airline accounts, two car payment books --

ARTIE

And a partridge in a pear tree.

CYNTHIA

Unfortunately, we haven't the money for
a partridge, Mr. Donovan.

ARTIE (SERIOUS)

Of course.

CYNTHIA

My husband seems to have taken the national
debt to heart.

(ARTIE HAS SINCE TAKEN SOME OF THE DOCUMENTS FROM HER AND BEGUN
TO PERUSE THEM.)

ARTIE

It would appear that way.

CYNTHIA

Now all I want is what we started out
with when Harold and I were married.

ARTIE

Are you sure?

CYNTHIA

The man has enough problems. What I need
is a clean break. I'm not young, but I'm
not old either. I can work -- someday.

(ARTIE APPEARS DEPRESSED AND SLUGGISH.)

ARTIE

Then I will go through these papers and fashion
a fair and reasonable proposal for all concerned.

CYNTHIA (TAKES NOTE)

Usually people are more chipper on a Friday.

ARTIE

I suppose.

CYNTHIA

Your eyes...you seem so...lost.

ARTIE

I'm being forced out of my apartment.

CYNTHIA

I'm so sorry.

ARTIE

I'll be okay. It will all work out.

CYNTHIA

You know, for a moment there -- well...

ARTIE

What?

CYNTHIA

Nothing. I mean, well, for a moment, when you said 'it will all work out,' it reminded me of Harold.

ARTIE (NOT SURE HE LIKES THIS)

Really?

CYNTHIA (CLARIFIES)

The old Harold. The Harold who romanced me and swept me off my feet. He was so sensitive. So kind. So open. So glasnost.

(ARTIE LOOKS AT ONE DOCUMENT IN PARTICULAR.)

ARTIE

And now he's so broke.

CYNTHIA

What happens to people? Why do they change?

ARTIE

I wish I could tell you, Mrs. Berk. I don't know.

CYNTHIA

You're an honorable man, Mr. Donovan. Oh, how I wish things had gone differently. But they haven't. We fell into a rut. Harold was my only love, but now it's over.

ARTIE (NOSTALGIC)

I had a true love -- once.

(CYNTHIA LOOKS UP AT HIM. ARTIE'S EYES DRIFT WAY BACK IN TIME -- TO A PLACE LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY.)

Christina. We were in the ninth grade. They say teenagers can't experience true love, but they're wrong.

CYNTHIA (TEARY EYED)

Romeo and Juliet did.

ARTIE

Abalard and Eloise. (BEAT) I loved her so much, but she moved away and I never found anyone else like...her.

CYNTHIA

That's so sad.

ARTIE (RECITES POEM)

'What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why. I have forgotten, and what arms have lain...'

CYNTHIA (CONTINUES THIS)

'...Under my head till morning; but the
rain is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and
sigh upon the glass and listen for reply...'

ARTIE

You know Edna St. Vincent Millay?

CYNTHIA

Harold used to recite this poem to me, over
and over.

ARTIE

This was Christina's favorite.

(FOR A MOMENT ARTIE AND CYNTHIA LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER, THEN BEGIN
TO CRY.)

ARTIE (THROUGH TEARS)

'Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
nor knows what birds have vanished one by
one; yet knows its boughs more silent than
before...'

CYNTHIA

'I cannot say what loves have come and gone...'

ARTIE/CYNTHIA

'I only know that summer sang in me a little
while, that in me sings no more.'

(THE TWO ARE NOW CRYING THEIR EYES OUT, HUGGING ONE ANOTHER.
AFTER A BEAT, HAROLD ENTERS. HE STANDS THERE A WHILE WITNESS-
ING THIS EVENT UNTIL THE CRYING ABATES, THEN:)

HAROLD

Don't stop crying on my account.

CYNTHIA (SURPRISED)

Harold.

ARTIE

Mr. Berk.

HAROLD (CRASS)

Please, don't get up. (BEAT) I see you're going over some sort of papers there. Well, if they are in any way related to me, then perhaps I can save the two of you a great deal of time and money.

(HE LOOKS AT CYNTHIA.)

You see, when we eloped, if you'll recall we were married in a fit of inspiration by a Portuguese fisherman who purported to be a licensed sea captain, thereby allowing him to perform such ceremonies. (BEAT) Well, that turns out not to be the case.

CYNTHIA

You're making this up.

HAROLD (TO ARTIE)

They always deny it. Better to think that than know they've lived in sin -- for eight and a half years. (BEAT) So, in short, no marriage, no divorce. Very simple. Over and out. Have a good day.

(HAROLD EXITS. ARTIE AND CYNTHIA LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER, BOTH NOW VERY SOBER.)

ARTIE

Married by a Portuguese fisherman?

(CYNTHIA'S FACE TELL US THAT IT IS INDEED CORRECT.
AFTER A BEAT, THE TWO BEGIN TO CRY, QUICKLY BUILDING IN
INTENSITY AS BEFORE, BUT FOR A FAR LESS ROMANTIC REASON.)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

SCENE 1 - INT. LAW OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

(TALLULAH IS SEATED ON A COUCH BESIDE AMY'S DESK. TRAVIS
ENTERS CARRYING A PILE OF OLD FOLDERS.)

AMY (TO TRAVIS)

You copied those records from the mari-
time library in three hours?

TRAVIS

Copied? Not...exactly...

TALLULAH

Absconded is more the word for it.

TRAVIS (PLOPS FOLDERS DOWN)

Allegedly absconded. That hasn't been
proven yet. (BEAT) Artie said he wanted
the files as soon as possible. I am
merely complying with a superior.

AMY

Since when?

TALLULAH

Now if that Harold were a real church-going,
God-fearing man like my folk, none of this
would ever have happened.

AMY

Romance. How ironic that it all comes down to a Portuguese fisherman.

TRAVIS (ENTHUSED)

If I can prove the guy who married Harold and Cynthia was licensed, I'll be written up in the Law Journal. Probably get, say, two dozen job offers before I graduate law school.

AMY (DISENCHANTED)

That's crazy! This whole thing is just crazy. Harold loves Cynthia. And Cynthia loves Harold. What difference does a piece of paper make?

TALLULAH

That depends. If it's got Ben Franklin on it, a lot.

TRAVIS

Well put, Ms. Tallulah. (LOOKS THROUGH FILES) Here's a Salvatore Caloyeras, licensed in 1958. He sounds Portuguese...

TALLULAH (THINKS BACK)

Leroy...he was something...

TRAVIS

No, his name here is Salvatore...

TALLULAH

Leroy was my husband. My first love. My only love.

AMY (CONFUSED)

You've been married five times, Tallulah.

TALLULAH

Maybe legally. (BEAT) But in my heart --
only once. The others, they were all just
bits and pieces of Leroy.

(THE OTHER TWO STARE AT TALLULAH, WHO SEEMS LOST IN A TIME WHEN
SHE AND HER LOVE WERE TOGETHER.)

AMY (TEARFUL)

That's...so sad...so beautiful...

TRAVIS

I want to know which bits and pieces.

TALLULAH

We were married under a cherry tree beside
a lake. There's never been a better man
before or since. He told me, reach for
your dreams, Tallulah.

AMY (CAUGHT UP)

I wish I could have met him.

TALLULAH

He died so young.

(TRAVIS (DETACHED)

Just think, if he were alive now, you'd
be...supporting him.

TALLULAH (COMING BACK)

Another crack like that and you'll be
supported by crutches, Sonny Boy.

(TRAVIS BACKS OFF.)

TRAVIS

Hey, no offense.

TALLULAH (IGNORES HIM)

How could Harold Berk tell his wife they weren't legally wed?

AMY (OFFERS)

All comes down to pressure. (BEAT) Harold is a reasonable, rational man. His comments earlier were simply a reaction to the pressure any man would feel when his wife wants to leave.

TRAVIS

If you ask me...

AMY/TALLULAH

We're not...

AMY (CALMING)

Look, whatever you say about him, he's not an impulsive man, he's simply a man in pain. I guarantee he will not act irrationally. His actions will be considered and well thought out.

(ON WHICH HAROLD WALKS THROUGH THE BULLPEN CARRYING TWO CARDBOARD BOXES STACKED ATOP ONE ANOTHER.)

HAROLD

Amy, get me a ticket to Brazilia. Any airline. Any class. Now. I'm out of here tonight.

(HE IS GONE. AMY LOOKS DUMBFOUNDED. THE OTHERS LOOK AT HER, AS WE:)

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE 2 - INT. LAW OFFICE - HAROLD'S OFFICE - DAY

(HALF THE OFFICE IS PACKED IN BOXES. HAROLD BUSILY EMPTIES THE CONTENTS OF HIS DESK DRAWERS AS AMY ENTERS. SHE IS SHOCKED AT WHAT SHE SEES.)

AMY

Harold Berk, don't do this.

HAROLD (PACKING)

I should have done this long ago. (BEAT)

The wild of the Amazon is beckoning me.

The yellow-tailed congohawks are pecking
my name on the yearling mahoe trees.

AMY (QUITE WORRIED)

You must be under some spell...

HAROLD

Do you think they use bug repellent down
there, or does everyone wear those netted masks?

AMY

I don't know, and somehow I doubt that I
ever will.

HAROLD

I'll send you a postcard. You're a class
act, Amy. You'll make some lucky man a loyal,
understanding, forgiving wife. I'll miss you.

(AMY CAN SEE SHE MUST SHIFT GEARS, AND FAST.)

AMY

I don't think the Amazon is the law capital
of the world. And I know there's no Off
Track Betting terminals down there.

HAROLD

I'll manage.

AMY

What about Cynthia?

HAROLD

What about her...?

AMY

She's your wife. How can you run out on her like this?

HAROLD

Why should I concern myself with the welfare of a woman who retained that idiot lawyer who works down the hall from my office, a woman who would have my own process server serve me divorce papers at my own house over cinnamon, raisin, wheat germ, soybean-oil muffins?

AMY (MAKES HIM ASHAMED)

Oh, I see. Even though you've got a loving, loyal wife, who for eight and a half years put up with your gambling and other abuses, still, you can never forgive her for one mistake.

HAROLD (SOFTER)

Well, maybe I...

AMY (RIGHT ON HIM, BUILDING)

Which happened to be serving you divorce papers -- for a divorce she doesn't really want -- in the intimacy of your own home, rather than embarrass you in your place of business. Have I got it right?

HAROLD

Well, she could have at least...

AMY (CONTD.)

If running away were the answer, Tallulah would never have gotten her law degree, and I wouldn't be here, either. (BEAT) Artie Donovan, he has just been devastated, but he's not going off to South America.

HAROLD (BACK ON TRACK)

Don't talk to me about Mr. Perfectly Modulated. I can't perceive of him undergoing a distressful moment. He's so pure and proper I could puke.

AMY (NOW MAD)

I don't want to hear that from you ever again. Artie is a caring, kind, sensitive man, and he's being evicted from his apartment by a very unscrupulous landlord because he's seven hours late with his rent.

HAROLD (SUDDENLY INTERESTED)

Seven hours?

AMY

Right. And all I could tell him was not to let that Pennyworth character ruin his life --

HAROLD

Not Basil Pennyworth?

AMY

Yes...I think so.

HAROLD (LAUGHS)

Old Basie's got him by the cajones. I love it. Basil Pennyworth. The great humanitarian.

AMY

You know the guy?

HAROLD (BACK TO BUSINESS)

At least Basil won't be in Rio.

(AMY TRIES TO APPEAL TO HAROLD'S BASIC SENSE OF DECENCY.)

AMY

Won't you please reconsider?

HAROLD (SOFTENING)

Okay, I will. Only for you.

(AMY LOOKS HOPEFUL. HAROLD THINKS FOR A MOMENT. THEN:)

I've thought it over. I've made a considered, unemotional, thought out decision. (BEAT)

I'm going to Brazilia tonight.

(HE GOES ABOUT HIS PACKING.)

AMY (SAD)

We'll all miss you very much. (BEAT)

Particularly me.

(SHE GIVES HAROLD A PECK ON THE CHEEK, THEN QUIETLY EXITS, LEAVING HIM ALONE TO GENTLY TOUCH THE SPOT THAT WAS KISSED.)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE 3 - INT. LAW OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

(AMY IS TYPING A LETTER WHILE TRAVIS SITS ON THE COUCH AND READS A COPY OF PLAYBOY.)

AMY (WORKING)

I don't know how you can read that stuff with all that's been going on around here.

TRAVIS (READS)

'Susie, 19, likes to walk through wheat
fields in the nude. Her goals: to end world
hunger and get her own apartment.'

(SALVATORE CALOYERAS, A SHORT, OLD -- AND APPARENTLY SOMEWHAT
INEBRIATED -- MAN, ENTERS THE OFFICE. TRAVIS IS STILL ABSORBED
IN THE MAGAZINE. AMY LOOKS UP.)

AMY

Hi, may I help you?

CALOYERAS (HEAVY ACCENT)

I am looking for a Mr. Travis...

AMY

I'll see if he's in.

(SHE LOOKS AT TRAVIS, WHO SALIVATES OVER HIS READING MATERIAL.
FINALLY, SHE CLEARS HER THROAT RATHER LOUDLY.)

TRAVIS (LOOKS UP)

Yes? (SEES CALOYERAS) Oh, yes.

(TRAVIS FUMBLES TO HIDE THE MAGAZINE. AMY TAKES IT FROM HIM AND
PUTS IT IN HER DESK DRAWER.)

CALOYERAS

Are you Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS

Close enough. (BEAT) And you must be
Salvatore Caloyeras.

CALOYERAS (WEAVING)

My friends call me Salvatore Caloyeras.

TRAVIS (CONSIDERS)

Right. Well, won't you step into my office?

(AMY GIVES TRAVIS A LOOK.)

TRAVIS (TO AMY)

(SOTTO) I'll be in Tallulah's office.

Hold my calls, miss. (TURNS TO CALOYERAS)

Right this way, sir.

(HE LEADS CALOYERAS AWAY. AFTER A BEAT, AMY OPENS HER DESK DRAWER AND GLANCES AT THE PLAYBOY.)

AMY (READS)

'Turn-offs: nuclear war and split ends.'

(SHE CONTINUES TO PAGE THROUGH THE MAGAZINE, AS WE:)

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE 4 - INT. LAW OFFICE - TALLULAH'S OFFICE - DAY

(CALOYERAS HAS PLOPPED HIMSELF DOWN IN A CHAIR, WHILE TRAVIS SITS BEHIND TALLULAH'S DESK, WITH HIS FEET UP ON TOP.)

TRAVIS

Yes, now Mr. Caloyeras. The reason we have sent for you is because we understand that you know a lot about fishing.

CALOYERAS (SHAKES AS HE SPEAKS)

Oh, I did, but no more. No, sir. I work in a bowling alley. I set pins up, they knock them down, I set them up again. Where's the drink you promised me? I drink anything.

TRAVIS (RIGHT OVER HIM)

Fascinating. Must give you real satisfaction, helping your fellow man that way.

(CALOYERAS IS CONFUSED. TRAVIS IS WORRIED WHETHER HE'LL GET ANYTHING OR NOT.)

TRAVIS

You know, my dad used to fish. He used to own a fishing boat. Come to think of it, he never went out on it. Nor did he own a fishing rod. (BEAT) What gives me the idea that he could fish?

CALOYERAS

Are you going to get me a drink?

TRAVIS

You bet. In just a minute.

CALOYERAS (GETTING UP)

Have to be now.

TRAVIS

Then it's now.

(DESPERATE, TRAVIS NOTICES A BOTTLE OF SHERRY ON THE BOOKSHELVES NEARBY. HE BRINGS IT OVER AND OPENS IT.

CALOYERAS TAKES THE BOTTLE FROM HIM AND HAS A LONG HIT.)

CALOYERAS

Say, that went down smooth.

(HE TAKES ANOTHER HIT, AFTER WHICH TRAVIS PULLS THE BOTTLE AWAY.)

TRAVIS

I need to know if you've ever seen these people.

(HE HANDS CALOYERAS A PHOTOGRAPH OF HAROLD AND CYNTHIA. CALOYERAS HOLDS THE PICTURE A HALF INCH AWAY, SQUINTING TO SEE IT, HIS NOSE ALMOST TOUCHING IT.)

CALOYERAS

Them? I don't know. Maybe.

TRAVIS (SWEATS)

Think, please. Say, eight and a half years ago, when you worked on a boat. Perhaps you married them?

CALOYERAS

Maybe. (BEAT) Maybe not.

TRAVIS

But maybe.

CALOYERAS

Maybe not.

TRAVIS

Did you keep a log of any type?

CALOYERAS (WEAVING)

A log?

TRAVIS

A record of some kind.

CALOYERAS (REMEMBERS)

Maybe...I did.

TRAVIS (WEARY)

And may I see this record? Do you still have it?

CALOYERAS

I think I have all my old papers somewhere in a trunk at the bowling alley.

TRAVIS (RELIEVED)

Fabulous. (BEAT) Let's go.

(TRAVIS GETS UP, BUT CALOYERAS SITS STILL.)

CALOYERAS (INDICATING)

The bottle.

(TRAVIS HANDS HIM THE BOTTLE BACK.)

TRAVIS

Sure. And there's more where that came from.

CALOYERAS

I just might be able to remember everything.

TRAVIS (QUICK)

I can't wait to go there.

(THEY START OUT, BUT CALOYERAS STOPS WHEN TALLULAH ENTERS. UPON SEEING THE OPEN BOTTLE OF HER SHERRY, SHE WASTES NO TIME IN BECOMING FURIOUS.)

TALLULAH

Travis, that's sixty year old sherry...

TRAVIS (CUTS HER OFF)

-- this is Salvatore Caloyeras, the man who performed the wedding ceremony for Harold and Cynthia.

TALLULAH (CONTD.)

...that I paid a hundred and seventy-five dollars for to save for a very special occasion.

TRAVIS (SOTTO)

Which is going to lead me right to the Berks' wedding records.

CALOYERAS

I knew it was expensive. (BEAT) Most people drink to forget. I drink to remember.

TRAVIS

Mr. Caloyeras was kind enough to remember where his log book is kept. You know, the one with all his marriage records.

TALLULAH (CATCHES ON)

Oh, that one. Yes, Mr. Caloyeras, Travis has told me so much about you.

CALOYERAS

We just met.

TRAVIS (COVERS)

That's correct. You'll have to forgive Ms. Feathers, she doesn't always remember things the way us lawyers do.

(TALLULAH SHOOTS HIM A LOOK. THEN:)

TALLULAH (DOWN-HOME ACCENT)

Then I guess us lay persons should mosey on to the back of the lobby and wait our turn for professional consultation.

(SHE STARTS TO LEAVE. ALMOST TO THE DOOR, SHE TURNS BACK TOWARD TRAVIS.)

Legend has it there's just one other bottle of that sixty year old sherry left on earth.

TRAVIS

Really? Sounds like it would be difficult to locate.

TALLULAH

Yes. But you'll locate it for me. I guarantee it.

(SHE EXITS. TRAVIS GETS HER MESSAGE. CALOYERAS DRINKS UP.)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE 5 - INT. HAROLD'S OFFICE - LATER

(THE OFFICE IS NOW ALMOST BARE. HAROLD SITS BEHIND HIS DESK HOLDING A FRAMED PICTURE OF CYNTHIA AND HIMSELF.)

ARTIE TAPS ON THE HALF-OPEN DOOR. HAROLD QUICKLY PLACES THE PICTURE FACE-DOWN ON THE DESK.)

ARTIE

Busy day, huh?

HAROLD (CONTINUES PACKING)

That's one way of putting it.

ARTIE

You know, Harold, I just stopped by to say I've given your move a lot of thought.

HAROLD (SKEPTICAL)

You have?

ARTIE

I have. And I think you're right. Brazilia can be a good place to start over. It's different, it's warm, it's exciting, it's adventurous, it's warm. It's very warm. (BEAT) I'm envious.

HAROLD (NOT BUYING IT)

Thank you for your thoughts. Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like to be left alone with mine.

(ARTIE LOOKS AS IF HE'S GOING TO LEAVE. BUT HE STANDS FIRM.)

ARTIE

I've always admired your monitor.

(HE'S REFERRING TO A LARGE TV MONITOR ON A CORNER SHELF, NEXT TO WHICH IS A VCR AND A STACK OF VIDEO TAPES.)

HAROLD

So have I.

ARTIE

And all these tapes. You going to have use for this stuff down there?

HAROLD

Why not?

(ARTIE REACHES OVER, LOOKS AT SOME OF THEM.)

ARTIE

Casablanca. Gunga Din. The Graduate.

(BEAT) Pretty sentimental stuff. (BEAT)

Romeo and Juliet. You own Romeo and Juliet?

HAROLD

I'm a film buff. Sue me. (BEAT) Oh, I
almost forgot, you already are.

(ARTIE COMES ACROSS ONE TAPE IN PARTICULAR AND PLACES IT IN THE
VCR.)

What are you doing?

ARTIE

Checking the quality of the equipment.

(WE SOON SEE CLIPS OF HAROLD AND CYNTHIA, A WHOLE ASSORTMENT OF
THEM, SOME OLD, SOME NOT SO OLD. THESE GIVE US A REAL FLAVOR
OF A COUPLE IN LOVE.)

ARTIE'S EXPRESSION TELLS US HE'S SEEING A PART OF HAROLD FOR THE
FIRST TIME, AND HE IS NEEDLESS TO SAY VERY SURPRISED.

HAROLD CONTINUES TO PACK, COVERING THE FACT THAT HE'S QUITE UPSET
AND UNCOMFORTABLE.)

HAROLD

You have no business playing that tape.

Please turn it off now!

ARTIE

I have every right to play it. I represent
Cynthia. Call it a gathering of information.
Part of the discovery process.

(HAROLD PRETENDS NOT TO CARE.)

HAROLD

Fine. Do what you want.

(BUT AFTER A FEW MORE MOMENTS OF THESE CLIPS, EVEN HAROLD CANNOT HELP BUT BE CAUGHT UP WITH THE WHOLE THING.

EVENTUALLY, THOUGH, HAROLD TURNS OFF THE SET.)

ARTIE

You're right, Harold. You're doing the right thing. I didn't think so when I came here, but I can see now there's absolutely no way you could ever reproduce the old Harold Berkowitz. The sensitivity, the compassion is...dust in the wind.

(HAROLD STANDS IN SILENCE.)

Cynthia deserves better. She deserves a man more like the man you used to be, someone with whom she can once again walk hand in hand through the rain.

HAROLD

Are you quite through?

ARTIE

I am. I wish you all the happiness in the world in the jungles of the Amazon. Best of luck, pal.

(ARTIE EXITS. HAROLD STANDS THERE IN SHOCK.

AFTER A WHILE, HE CONTINUES HIS PACKING, MUCH SLOWER THAN BEFORE. HE CAREFULLY PLACES THE VIDEO TAPE IN ONE OF HIS BOXES.)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE 6 - INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

(NOW IT IS ARTIE'S TURN TO PACK UP, AND HE DOES IT BEGRUDGINGLY. HE UNHAPPILY REMOVES PICTURES FROM THE WALL. WE SEE THAT HE HAS

PLACED HIS CAMERA ON A TRIPOD IN FRONT OF HIS WINDOW, AND HE SOON GOES OVER TO IT, FOCUSING, THEN SNAPPING OFF A FEW PICTURES.

AS HE DOES THIS, HAROLD ENTERS AND WATCHES ARTIE AS HE PHOTOGRAPHS THE VIEW FROM HIS WINDOW.

HE LOOKS THROUGH HIS CAMERA AS HE SPEAKS.)

ARTIE

The hillside in the morning. The rain.

The motion the trees make when the wind

is just so...like now.

(HAROLD CLEARS HIS THROAT TO SIGNAL HIS ENTRY. ARTIE DOESN'T BUDGE, KEEPS SNAPPING HIS PICTURES.)

Mr. Pennyworth, I really hope you'll reconsider. As you can see, I'm currently in the process of capturing the view from my window on film so that I may cherish it for the rest of my life. (BEAT) If it's more money you want, I'll pay.

HAROLD

I don't want any money.

(ARTIE TURNS TO SEE THAT IT IS ACTUALLY HAROLD BERK WHO HAS ENTERED HIS APARTMENT.)

ARTIE

Oh, it's you.

HAROLD

You know, Artie, you've spent so much time in the forest, you can't see the trees. It's probably what's put you out on the street in the first place.

ARTIE

This is not the type of conversation I need right now.

(HAROLD'S HAVING A GRAND OLD TIME, THOUGH, AND HE WALKS AROUND ARTIE'S APARTMENT JUST AS ARTIE DID IN HAROLD'S OFFICE EARLIER.)

HAROLD

How is it that a man who collects clocks
can be so consistently late paying his bills?
Ironie, huh?

ARTIE

There is more to time than keeping track
of it.

HAROLD

Is there, now?

ARTIE

I realize this idea is alien to you, but
enjoyment of one's time is more important
than knowing what time it happens to be at
the moment.

HAROLD

I see. So right now you're...enjoying your
time?

ARTIE

I don't have time for this discussion, and
I may never, as I have been given till 9 p.m.
to be out of here --

HAROLD (INTERRUPTS)

Okay, now listen up, dear boy. First, I
promise I will make no more remarks on Chinese
cinnamon. Second, I think you're basically a
good man, even though you're more than a little

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONTD.)

quirky. You don't deserve to be dispossessed, and if I were in your shoes I'd stop packing immediately.

ARTIE (STILL PACKING)

That's all well and good, Harold, but I live in the real world, the one where people obey the laws. If the landlord says I'm out, then that's his right.

HAROLD

And it's also his right to say you're back in.

(ARTIE GIVES HAROLD A LOOK OF CONFUSION.)

HAROLD (EXPLAINS)

Funny thing, you know, I'm on my way here to tell you I thought about what you said, and to say that marriage is more than a piece of paper and all that mushy stuff, and who do I run right smack into, in this very building, but old Basie.

ARTIE

You know my landlord?

HAROLD

Only for the past fifteen years. I represented the tenants of six buildings against him in a class action suit. (BEAT) You see, Basie casually neglected to keep track of his rent records, nor did he make it a habit to pay his property taxes on time. He did pass the interest and penalties on to his tenants, though.

ARTIE

He did all that?

HAROLD

Then there was fire equipment that wasn't to code. (BEAT) But the long and the short of it is that I informed him of what a truly good fellow you are, and being the great humanitarian and all, Basil agreed to keep you on here as a tenant.

(ARTIE GIVES HAROLD AN INCREDULOUS LOOK.)

I've recently been hired by this building's homeowners association to go over the place with a fine tooth comb for any oversights. With that in mind, Basie decided to be gracious enough to extend your lease for another five years, with an option for an additional five, all at a ten percent reduction in rent.

ARTIE (STUNNED)

You're putting me on? (BEAT) This is all... too good to be true.

HAROLD (POINTS OUT)

That's because Basil Pennyworth is too bad to be true.

ARTIE (SUSPECT)

What member of the homeowners association hired you?

HAROLD

Actually...nobody.

ARTIE

You lied?

HAROLD

But of course.

ARTIE

Thanks. (HE SHAKES HAROLD'S HAND) You
saved my life.

HAROLD

I'm glad.

(AFTER AN AWKWARD MOMENT, ARTIE MAKES A FINAL ATTEMPT AT
BRINGING UP A SENSITIVE SUBJECT.)

ARTIE

Look, it's getting late, and you probably
want to be getting back home.

HAROLD

You're right. (BEAT) I have to pick up my
bags, call a cab. (STARTS OUT, STOPS.)
Incidentally, Cynthia and I are legally married.
It turns out the Portuguese Fisherman was a
licensed sea captain after all. (HE LOOKS OUT
WINDOW.) It looks like it's going to rain.
I'd better leave now.

ARTIE (DESPERATE; RESIGNED)

I hope you enjoy your...trip.

HAROLD

Are you kidding. I understand Brazilia is
lovely this time of year.

(HAROLD EXITS. AFTER A BEAT, ARTIE BEGINS TO UNPACK.)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA CITY STREET - NIGHT

(A SOFT DRIZZLE COVERS AN EMPTY CITY STREET. TWO PEOPLE EXIT A BRICK TOWNHOUSE AND MAKE THEIR WAY ALONG THE SIDEWALK. EACH HOLDS A SUITCASE, WHILE ONE HOLDS A LARGE UMBRELLA OVER BOTH OF THEM.)

ANOTHER ANGLE SHOWS US THAT THESE PEOPLE ARE HAROLD AND CYNTHIA.)

HAROLD

Can you believe it? It was sunny all day,
now it's raining. The weathermen were all
wrong.

CYNTHIA

Should we call a taxi?

(HAROLD TAKES HOLD OF HIS WIFE AND LEADS HER IN A DANCE DOWN THE STREET. AFTER A BEAT HE THROWS HIS UMBRELLA AWAY.)

HAROLD (CALLS OUT)

Absolutely not.

(THE TWO CONTINUE TO DANCE AS THEY AND THEIR LUGGAGE GET SOAKED.)

CYNTHIA

Harold Berkowitz, I love you.

HAROLD

Like I told Artie, Brazilia is lovely this
time of year. (BEAT) Perfect for a second
honeymoon.

(AND AS THE TWO REST IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, WE:)

FADE OUT.

END OF TAG